Volume XCII No. 1 March 13, 1970 40 cents

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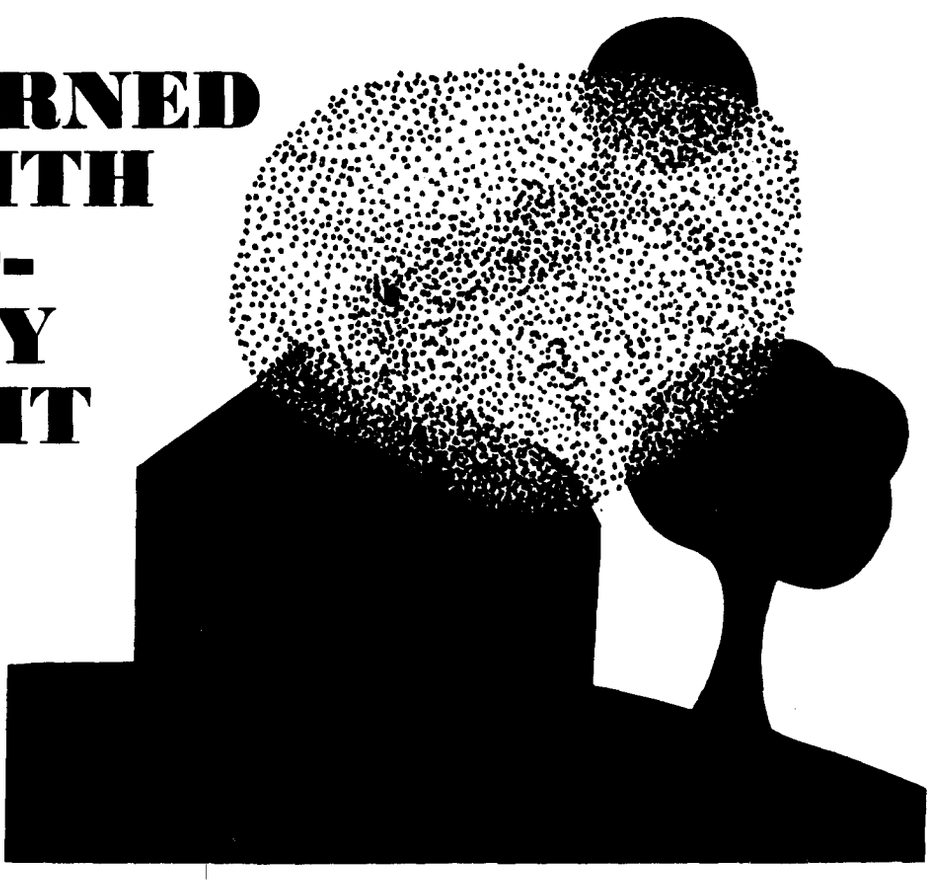

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NEWS & VIEWS

The Birth Control Wars

The Lima archdiocese has officially denied that the Christian Family Movement there "has conducted or is conducting a birth control program" [News & Views, 1/23/70].

"Such publication falsifies the truth and gives erroneous judgments which hurt the church and harm the good reputation of the Christian Family Movement, causing the danger of serious scandal inside and outside the country," said a chancery statement issued as a "special indication" of Lima's Cardinal Landazuri.

Latinamerica Press, which circulated the original stories, stands by its reports. Agostino Bono, LP editor, writes:

"I interviewed people giving out the pill, people taking it, CFM people responsible for policy and archdiocesan officials involved with the program. I did everything except watch a woman swallow the pill and see it 'regulate the lactation cycle.'"

Bono, who was one of the casualties in the purge of John O'Connor at the *Delmarva Dialog* a few years back, describes the chancery statement as "nothing but a rhetorical broadside" which attempts to keep secret the fact that the CFM is involved in distributing the pill.

Meanwhile, Bishop Antulio Parrilla Bonilla, Puerto Rico's anti-war, anti-draft episcopal maverick, returned from his tour of political prisoners in the U.S. [*Commonweal*, 2/13/70] to level a blast at the Puerto Rican Bishops' Conference for its declaration on birth control.

Bishop Parilla found appalling the conference's conditional approval of a government-sponsored birth control program.

"It is a mockery," he said, "to speak about respect for each other's conscience, when it is known how Neo-Malthusian practices are imposed upon persons who are not always capable of defending their religious values and convictions. It has happened in the past. It happens now, and it will increase 60 percent with the new programs."

He added that "what we should fear is that in Puerto Rico only 20 percent of the population controls more than 60 percent of the wealth."

Bishop Parrilla's position should surprise no one. Time and again one sees the most liberal of movement people freezing cold on the question of birth control. Further, it appears to happen in too great a variety of instances for the freeze to be glibly attributed to celibate, Jansenist or other religious scruples of the individual. For many the worry is quite real about contraception being a means to control minorities.

Law, Order, Dum-Dums

Well, the fact is public: law enforcement agencies in the U.S. are indeed stocking dum-dum bullets—as many as 45 percent of these agencies.

The bullet, which takes its name from the old British Dum-Dum Arsenal in Calcutta, is a vicious thing. It is constructed with hollow point so as to cause an explosive effect in the victim's body, ripping large and ragged holes in the flesh.

The dum-dum bullet is outlawed by a number of international conventions, including the Hague Declaration of 1907, to which the U.S. is a signator.

But the Declaration doesn't apply within the U.S., so what is a war crime in one context is perfectly legitimate practice in another.

Police in Miami, Kansas City, Tucson, St. Louis and Nashville are armed with dum-dums; so too the sheriff's departments in Los Angeles County and King County, Seattle.

"This is a touchy subject," explained Lee Jurras, president of the Super-Vel Cartridge Corp., Shelbyville, Ind., maker of the 38-caliber high-velocity bullet. "A lot of minority groups might object. We like to keep the discussion within law enforcement circles."

Of course, there discussion dies. As a King County law official puts it: "There is no real problem. . . . When we consider we are carrying a shotgun capable of tearing off a limb or disemboweling a person with one shot, it seems rather ridiculous to have qualms about the fact that there is a hole in the end of a pistol bullet."

Policing the Movement

New Justice Department policy of subpoenaing private data to get at anti-Establishment elements is being finessed and broadened.

Senator Eastland's Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has adopted the strategy, seeking to subpoena records of Liberation News Service, news conduit of the underground press, and of the New York regional SDS.

Being sought initially are bank records of both.

"We're seeking more information," said a subcommittee spokesman. "We have not issued subpoenas to any individuals yet."

LNS underscored the "yet" in reporting the action.

Movement people aren't happy, of course. And LNS is bitter.

"Rich racist men like Senator Eastland are worried about the growth of the movement," LNS commented, "and they should be. The movement is seeking the liberation of the people so that black people will not be oppressed as the black tenant farmers are on Eastland's Mississippi plantation, so that all people in this country will have a decent standard of living, so that young men will not be sent to die in wars of oppression against colored peoples, so that all men and women will have power over their own lives."

LNS and the SDS group have gone to court to fight the subcommittee. The first skirmish they won, when a Federal judge granted a temporary restraining order barring Chemical Bank from turning the LNS-SDS records over to the subcommittee as demanded in the subpoena.

Seles–Magyar Szo, Yugoslavia

Odds and Ends

—William Morrow & Co. plans a reissue of its 1968 book *The Negro American*. The volume will be retitled *The Black American*.

—*Publisher's Weekly* announces that Michael Novak's forthcoming novel, *Svoboda*, "deals with a young ex-seminarian, who having lost his virginity at last, is busy experiencing sex with gusto in several parts of the world."

Who's Gusto?

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Frail Ship of State

East Sandwich, Mass.

To the Editors: So far as I understand Father Schall's argument ["Caesar As God," Feb. 6], he seems to be saying that human governments are rather frail flowers, liable to destruction when blown upon by the rude winds of moral and religious zeal. If this is true and if Caesar needs to be defended against the godly urgency of his moral opponents, the form of the state seems to be unimportant. Whether it is Hitler and the Nazi party or a libertarian government is beside the point.

Thus Father Schall's argument seems to run that a determined effort to get something more responsive to needed reforms than our present impacted democracy might endanger it; and with it, the hope of a kind of Pax Americana which he seems to believe is in the interests of mankind in general. It is better to go on destroying the Vietnamese, body and soul, than risk a more nebulous injury later on to the inhabitants of Borrioboola-Gha.

Jesus' saying was addressed to a particular problem. Not Caesar as an abstract symbol, but Tiberius. Not a general proposition, but the particular Zealots who were about to bring a particular and disastrous war down on Palestine in an effort to shake off the Romans. We ought to be at least as concrete in dealing with our own problems.

HARRIET MAROT TAYLOR

Pollution and Survival

Chevy Chase, Md.

To the Editors: Those of us who live around Washington have been accustomed to the fact that people who work on the Hill are among the least well informed Americans when it comes to the basic issues affecting human life. But Wes Barthelmes' piece "Pollution and the Poor" [Feb. 20] strikes a new low in myopia.

What is important is not its nasty

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COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1970 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc. US and Canada, $12 a year. Foreign $14. Single copies 40¢

'GOVERNMENT OF OIL'

Teapot Domes are out of style—which is too bad in a way. People could get excited about Teapot Domes, but it is hard to arouse much interest in the recent Nixon decision to retain existing oil import quotas. How much does it amount to, after all? A penny or two on a gallon of fuel oil to heat your house, a penny perhaps on a gallon of gasoline for your car. Maybe it's not worth fighting about.

But there's another way of putting it. When President Nixon turned down the recommendation of the majority of his Cabinet-level task force on oil import control, he opted for retaining a system that presently costs the United States consumer $5 billion a year. The industry was happy—why wouldn't it be? One-third of the industry's $6 billion domestic profit for 1968 derived directly from the protection afforded by the Nixon-approved quota system. According to the task force report, the quota system will cost $8.4 billion a year in 1980. Thus an Administration that finds a few million for education inflationary does not hesitate to let the consumer pay the piper for the next decade to the tune of $60 billion in extra oil costs. Talk about the Biblical mote and beam.

Five members of the task force recommended a major change in the present import-control system, with a switch to an ordinary tariff instead of the company-by-company import system which has been in effect for ten years—a switch, it should be noted, that would not have taken place overnight but which would have been gradual in order to prevent any possible disruption to the industry. The majority on the task force urged a tariff at a level that would have reduced the domestic price for a barrel of crude oil by only 30 cents, with a corresponding saving to the consumer. Three members favored change only after consultation with other nations, with only two members flatly opposing change, including Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel, not famous for his enmity to oil interests.

Oil-state Senators not unnaturally hailed the Nixon decision, and those who looked for oil company campaign donations were less than downcast. More to the point, we think, were the comments of two Senators from vitally affected New England states, Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts and Senator Thomas J. McIntyre of New Hampshire. The oil decision, Senator Kennedy said, was "astounding," or, as Senator McIntyre

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expressed it, "a crushing blow to those of us who hoped that relief was near at hand" and "another major victory for the government of oil." "Government of oil" is right, in more ways than one, and the moral is obvious: things are done more subtly now than in the days of Teapot Dome.

HELPING THE 'HARD CORE'

One of the most distressing chapters in the story of the current economic slowdown has been the lay-off of many newly-hired "hard core" unemployed in the auto plants of Detroit and elsewhere. After years of defeat and discouragement, these men and women for the first time had begun to feel they had a stake in the system—only to see all their dreams go down the drain when lay-offs came. Yet with seniority rights traditionally protected in the lay-off procedure, the auto companies have had very little choice. Now the United Automobile Workers has come up with a new and somewhat startling concept and asked the help of the Secretary of Labor in achieving it—reverse seniority.

Reverse seniority is exactly what it sounds like. According to the plan, workers with high seniority rather than low would be laid off first: low seniority men would remain on the job. What of the older men laid off? Union-won benefits for senior workers laid off are nearly equal to the workers' normal weekly wage, so they would be little hurt, at least economically. And for the newly hired, the scheme would help prevent Negro despair that could lead to more violence in black ghettos in industrial cities like Detroit. So far the auto companies reject the idea of reverse seniority, but the hope of the United Auto Workers is that the Labor Department will throw its weight behind the plan. No doubt there are problems connected with the idea, but nothing to compare with the growing despair in the black ghettos.

YES, BUT . . .

How aspirations have escalated inside the church—a somewhat wistful observation which is suggested by word that the United States Catholic Conference is studying the feasibility of a National Pastoral Council of bishops, priests, religious and laymen to help govern the church in this country. There was a time, and not so many years ago, either, when this announcement would have found us enthusiastic. As things are now, we are not unenthusiastic, exactly, but we can't work up much steam about the idea either. This is exactly the way things should go, we know, for a National Pastoral Council represents an attempt at collegiality on a national level, as suggested by the Second Vatican Council. Change within the structure—that's what all good, non-revolutionary types favor, right? And yet, so much has happened—and has failed to happen—in the years since Vatican II that it's hard to get excited about something that might have aroused genuine enthusiasm five years ago. So many priests have abandoned the active ministry, so many nuns have left their convents, so many laymen have "turned off" the church completely, so much nonsense has been spoken about celibacy and a multitude of other issues—so much has happened, in short, that it will take more than a National Pastoral Council to straighten things out. What, for instance? We couldn't give a complete catalogue if we wanted to, but just as a start we'd say the National Pastoral Council won't mean much unless it reflects and is in fact a natural outgrowth of collegiality in most if not all dioceses, in most if not all parishes—which is a long way from being the case now and which tends to make a National Pastoral Council at this point a little phony. Until most bishops—and pastors, as far as that goes—act a little less like businessmen or detached college presidents, until the average priest is not treated like a child, until the average nun feels like something more than a second-class citizen in the church, until the average layman is brought into decisions even when Federal aid is not being discussed, until a real diversity in worship and theology is positively encouraged, until the poor and minority groups find in the church their true home—until these things or a substantial number of them come about, structural changes like the proposed National Pastoral Council will be welcomed by the American layman but, we suspect, with just about the amount of enthusiasm we feel, neither more nor less.

The Not So Beverly Hillbillies

Some city people winced when Clevelanders Paul Gilly, Claude Vealey and Aubran Martin, the accused killers of UMW leader Joseph Yablonski, were identified by the press as Southern Appalachians. It seemed as if transplanted hillbilly populations had suffered enough insult and prejudice from the cities without this latest addition to the stereotype. Yet, if nothing else, perhaps the designation would focus new attention on Appalachia and its "northern counties."

The mass media, which have often done a magnificent job of exposing social problems to public view and subsequent action, have magnificently failed the people of Appalachia. They have failed on two scores: first, they have not revealed the *real* causes of poverty in Appalachia, and second, they have ignored the crisis-state of the hundreds of thousands of Appalachians who have been

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forced out of the hills by joblessness, or enticed by industry to such unfriendly midwestern cities as Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis, Dayton, Akron, Cincinnati and Cleveland.

Although the present situation of the Appalachian people makes them a "disadvantaged minority" (a large number are as WASP as the Cabots and the Lowells, but their odd accents, their traditional isolation and their endemic poverty set them apart from the rest of America), Appalachia is not a popular subject with the media. In a recent yearly edition of *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*, there were eight entries on the subject of the Appalachian people, and more than three hundred on the American Negro. Not one Appalachian article treated the tragedies involved in the urban migration.

Some of the stories that do appear tend to provoke a sterile pity, rather than the productive rage of a Harry Caudill, Kentucky author of *Night Comes to the Cumberlands* and of "The Corporate Fiefdom," [*Commonweal,* Jan. 24, 1969]. They really don't get across Caudill's message that Appalachia is just another chapter in the good old red-white-and-blue, star-spangled story of exploitation and greed which have devastated the American Indian and the black man. Land swindles by large Eastern and Northern corporations, absentee ownership and crooked politics are some of the ingredients in the profit story.

Nor do benefits to the corporations cease with the extraction of minerals. The steel or automotive tycoon profits still once more from the stream of cheap manpower which Appalachian poverty and joblessness forces to the cities. Twelve years ago, a *Cleveland Press* editorial extolling the transplanted hillbilly stated, "Without these new workers, the city's spectacular postwar industrial growth could never have come off . . . Cleveland owes them, as it owes all the others, a great debt."

But Cleveland has not paid that debt, nor have the multi-million dollar industries. One Appalachian city worker fumes at the way Northern job opportunities are oversold in West Virginia. "I get angry when I go home and see the Ohio Chamber of Commerce advertising, 'Come to Beautiful Ohio' on TV spots. Governor Rhodes (Ohio) toured West Virginia year before last, urging people to come up North. Do you know what 'Beautiful Ohio' frequently turns out to be? A job as a dishwasher and a 3-room 'furnished' apartment for a wife and six or seven children—furnished with a run-down sofa, a kitchen table, a horde of cockroaches and a few rats."

A community worker in Chicago bitterly told a group that the migrants from the Southern mountains are viewed in the city "with even more hostility than the Negroes. They are described as uncivilized, drunkard, ignorant, undependable, and, in summary, hillbilly."

Previously secure marriages break up, sometimes within a few months of the family's arrival in the city. "It is often easier for the warm and personable hillbilly wife," says a Cleveland worker, "to get a job as a waitress than for her husband, who is unskilled and perhaps functionally illiterate, to get a job in a factory. And this is emasculating—you know, the man's the boss back in the hills. That's why a lot of men leave their wives, and the family ends up on welfare. Or the husband, accustomed to the male companionship of his cousins and brothers, in the city can only find this companionship by spending his evenings at the corner bar. That doesn't help the marriage, and it often leads to problem drinking and alcoholism."

Tensions, homesickness, rejection by the city, unemployment, or maybe just spring plowing or the fall harvest back home sometimes result in an Appalachian family's moving in and out of the city two or three times a year. Constant evictions by landlords, with or without cause; school problems and tangles with the law (often provoked by the more rigid regulations of the city); *under*employment and layoffs; lack of recreation for youths who would probably be hunting or fishing back home; fleecings by loan sharks and door-to-door salesmen—and subsequent garnisheeing of wages—act to make the hillbilly feel less than welcome in "Beautiful Ohio"—or Chicago, Detroit or Indianapolis. And yet all that's left for him back in the hills is welfare.

No one claims responsibility for the hillbilly's problems—not the cities or the industries. Agencies maintain that the Southern Appalachian is invisible, and that he is suspicious of them anyway. Community organizers, both in the cities and in Appalachia, moan that it's almost impossible to organize hillbillies.

There are patchwork attempts at help. The Chicago Southern Center of the Council of Southern Mountains, finding that people won't come to centers, is developing Outreach programs. Conversely, Dayton and Cincinnati are beginning to make large-scale efforts to serve the hillbilly with multi-service centers. A grant from Cleveland NOW! has established an Appalachian Action Council, for which, surprisingly, membership applications from 350 hillbillies have been received within a few weeks. Possibly one of the brightest signs in Cleveland is increased Appalachian involvement in the welfare rights movement. One talented young woman from West Virginia, with experience in welfare rights, was instrumental in organizing Cleveland's American Indians, with whom Appalachians have close ties, to demand, successfully, an Indian Center. A disabled, unemployed young hillbilly father of five is quite effectively leading a confrontation of the County Welfare Department.

With any luck at all, and a little help from the news media, "mountain power!" may well be the next cry to be heard throughout the land. MARY DOWLING DALEY

(*Mary Dowling Daley has published articles on a wide variety of subjects in the* New York Times, Christian Science Monitor *and the* Washington Star.)

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Scanlan's Monthly And Other Diversions

"We must be fiercely candid about who owns and controls this new magazine. . . ." Thus begins the tub-thumping, back-patting manifesto which introduces Volume One Number One of *Scanlan's Monthly*. *Scanlan's*, of course, is the latest brainchild of Warren Hinckle III, ex-public relations man, whose gift for Madison Ave. packaging gave *Ramparts* its moment in the sun, and also its $1.5 million debt. At which point Hinckle III jumped ship and began talking up a new magazine aimed at withstanding (naturally) the debilitating effects of Madison Ave. packaging on the hard, unvarnished truth. "A free, crusading, investigative, hell-raising, totally candid press," says the manifesto; "virile journalism."

A few funny things happened on the way to the printers, however. Hinckle III's associates in this venture were Sidney Zion, late of the *New York Times*, and John Leo, late of the *Times* and before that of *Commonweal*. Several months ago I talked with a lawyer who helped float *Scanlan's* stock; Leo's presence as editor and secretary-treasurer, he said, was the only reason a lot of investors were willing to risk their money with Hinckle III. In a recent *New York* magazine article on the birth of *Scanlan's*, Victor Navasky is quoted as calling Leo "the only honest man in an unholy trio." That fact must have created problems, for with *Scanlan's* going to press and Leo briefly in the hospital, his fellow editors nonchalantly dropped his name from the masthead. That's probably what is meant by being fiercely candid about who owns and controls the magazine. John Leo is suing.

No doubt related to the aforementioned differences of opinion is the well-founded report that, *Scanlan's* having been lucky enough to raise $675,000 by sale of stock, Hinckle III has managed to spend $300,000 of that by the time the first issue appeared. I wonder what his next idea for a magazine will be. . . .

As for Volume One Number One, let it be admitted from the start that the issue is not *all* bad. The CIA, CBS, Vietnam atrocities, a rock festival, high school rebellion, Biafra, ecology—these are standard subjects (yes, even the atrocities story, although that is a terrible thing to admit) treated, some better, some worse, an average blend of New Journalism and underground-press styles. Maxwell Geismar contributes an interesting piece of Mark Twain criticism; Richard Severo writes a fascinating account of Alabama's "cajuns" who have the misfortune of being neither black nor white but only, and all-too, human. An unpublished and unfinished portrait of Mickey Cohen by Ben Hecht is Volume One Number One's longest article—and a suitable symbol of the hair-on-your-chest, tough newspaperman nostalgia that *Scanlan's* basks in. The editors have tried to prop up an article on Jean-Claude Killy by stressing the fact that *Playboy* turned it down. The article is so bad that *Playboy* looks good.

Perhaps it is in the tradition of barroom journalism to paste your publication together late at night in some ill-lit speakeasy, thus overlooking those finer points of makeup that indicate where one section of the magazine ends and another begins, what is text and what is caption, and so on. Perhaps barroom journalists need not worry about split infinitives, missing antecedents, and other schoolmarmish stuff (although you'd think they might know that O. J. Simpson played in the American, not National, Football League). If that is the case, then *Scanlan's* is certainly true to the tradition.

I don't want to sound too grumpy. After practicing on a few more issues, Hinckle III and Zion will probably learn how to make up a magazine, or find someone to do it for them. (The old *Ramparts* was excellently designed.) Of course by that time it may be necessary to launch some spectacular silliness and thus catch some free publicity to keep the magazine afloat. *Scanlan's* may be a success—I doubt it. It may straggle on. It may simply sink quietly out of sight with its $675,000. The sad thing is that with that kind of money and that kind of freedom, nothing new could be created. It must take more.

● They let the Chicago Seven out of jail on bail. That's all right, you see, because the government had already achieved its real purpose: to cut the Seven's hair. That was the crowning, or decrowning if you wish, moment. Toward that the whole indictment, prosecution and sentencing had aimed. Snip, snip. Good citizens can sleep tranquil. Little old ladies can walk the streets at night again. The Republic is saved.

Actually the little old ladies were never in much danger. U.S. Attorney Thomas A. Foran, who prosecuted the Seven, revealed last week that the defendants were really old "fags." Attorney Foran was speaking to the Boosters Club at Loyola Academy in Wilmette, Illinois, who cheered his remarks about the "fag revolution" wildly. I can't say that talk about "fags" would have gone over very well at Loyola Academy when I was a student there, but then Mr. Foran is a notable Defender of Justice and not merely a student, and anyway, as Judge Hoffman says, the times they are a'changing. It seems a bit queer.

PETER STEINFELS

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HOW I LEARNED TO LIVE WITH RADIOACTIVITY AND LOVE IT – IN COLORADO

STEVE GASCOYNE

Bumper-sticker graffiti are saying bad things about Colorado. The bid to "Ski Colorado" has given way to "Come to Colorado . . . Playground of the Atomic Energy Commission." But there the humor stops. The AEC is not playing games. The AEC is deadly serious . . . which is what hangs up not a few people.

On May 11, 1969, the AEC and Dow Chemical Co. played host to a $50-million fire at a nuclear weapons production site northwest of Denver. Area scientists have charged that deadly plutonium contamination could have been released during the blaze. But that's just the beginning. AEC officials also were on hand when a nuclear blast was detonated four months later high in the Colorado Rockies, 200 miles west of Denver. The 40-kiloton explosion, known as Project Rulison, was the first involvement of Colorado in the Plowshare Program to increase natural gas production in the United States. Again area scientists expressed concern and one Colorado School of Mines professor charged the AEC with running "the risk of exterminating the human race."

A second sign occasionally seen in the state reads "Life in Colorado is a Gas," a tragi-comic reference to another of the state's environmental health hazards, the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. The arsenal, situated northeast of Denver at the end of the north-south runway of Stapleton International Airport, provides an interesting study in the field of military overkill. Stockpiled at the arsenal, along with a variety of classified chemical warfare agents, is enough poison gas to destroy the world, reportedly many times over. Recently the same strategists who conceived the overkill theory announced the development of a "safe" poison gas, something akin to the "clean" nuclear bomb. Army officials say two or more supposedly harmless elements could be fired from individual missile-launching sites. The elements would join in flight and the poison gas would be produced, free from human involvement, over the enemies' heads.

As the year drew to a close, yet another potential health hazard was revealed, this one in the Western Slope city of Grand Junction, once the center of uranium mining in Colorado. Robert D. Siek, chief of the radiological health section of the Colorado Department of Health, disclosed that as many as 3,000 homes and buildings in Grand Junction may have been built on sites where uranium mine tailings were used as back-fill and sub-fill. The tailings, Siek said, emitted dangerous radon gas. The health official said some 350 homes in Grand Junction have been found with radon gas present. In a number of homes, Siek said, the level was as much as 60 times above what is considered safe for living conditions.

The response of Governor John A. Love left a few residents wondering just what it would take to get the state government to respond in any meaningful way to environmental health problems. Love said he was "concerned," but added he had been "reassured that there's no cause for panic." The governor also noted that studies were underway to determine the dangers of such radiation and admitted "We don't know as much as we should know."

In the midst of the latest health hazard controversy, Dr. H. Peter Metzger, a Boulder scientist and chairman of the Colorado Committee on Environmental Information, said an official with the U.S. Public Health Service had disclosed that 600 to 1,100 of the 6,000 uranium

STEVE GASCOYNE *is a staff writer with United Press International, Denver.*

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miners working on the Colorado Plateau would die of lung cancer within the next 20 years. Metzger charged the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission with negligence and said "What they have done here is do whatever they please—control things when they please or don't control when they please."

But the crusher was still Project Rulison. Opposition to the Rulison blast was well-organized, but came too late. Members of the Colorado Open Space Coordinating Council (COSCC) carried their fight to the U.S. Supreme Court, but Justice Thurgood Marshall expressed the opinion that there was not enough evidence presented by COSCC to halt the blast. Days after the Rulison detonation, Prof. David Evans of the Colorado School of Mines said earth tremors had been charted at the blast site. Such an occurrence, Evans says, is indicative of underground movement which could allow rapid seepage of radioactive gas into the Colorado River Basin. "If radioactive contamination works its way into the Colorado River," Evans charged, "the river would be poisoned for the next 145-280 years."

In Boulder, home of the University of Colorado, some 25 scientists have organized the Colorado Committee on Environmental Information (CCEI) and have developed subcommittees to study environmental problems. The committee released a report based on an earlier Plowshare Program blast in New Mexico—Project Gasbuggy—and used that explosion as an indication of what could be expected from the Rulison blast.

The plan behind the Rulison blast was to create an underground cavity which, after a period of time, would fill with gas. However, the controversy over Rulison left the AEC and the private developers under a district court order not to allow any gas out of the cavern until six months after the blast. At that time, if plans were followed according to the Gasbuggy operation, the gas would be released and burned, or flared, to obtain gas which was not radioactively contaminated.

CCEI noted that "hundreds of millions of cubic feet of gas have been flared in New Mexico and the level of radioactivity has not been reduced to acceptable levels. In this flaring process," the committee said, "radioactive krypton-85 is released into the atmosphere and radioactive natural gas and radioactive hydrogen are converted by burning into radioactive water. This radioactive water vapor has been measured in the downwind air at twice the normal background amounts. Plants downwind have fixed this radioactivity and the amount of radioactivity, due to tritium, inside those plants, has been raised to ten times."

Before the detonation, the CCEI said Rulison was "expected to produce a much larger quantity of gaseous krypton-85, about 25 per cent of the gaseous tritium as did Project Gasbuggy, and large amounts of solid fission by-products." The committee charged that "the complete development of the 60,000-acre Rulison field, if accompanied by substantial flaring, poses a hazard to the milk and water shed areas for the population both locally and on the Eastern slope," of Colorado—Denver, Boulder, Colorado Springs and surrounding communities.

The most significant problem posed by Rulison, however, seems to be the possibility of contaminating the underground water. CCEI declared that "while the probability of contamination of the water supply from the initial Rulison shot may be quite low, the larger the fracture network becomes as more explosions are set off, the greater the chances are that at some place, natural fracture lines, which can be quite large, will connect with the induced fracture network and at some place connect with the underground water supply, which could become contaminated by the massive amounts of radiocativity left by at least 20 megatons (20 million tons) of pure fission explosives." Days after the explosion was detonated, Dr. Evans released his information about earth tremors originating from the Rulison site, a disclosure which seemed to indicate the possibility of contaminating the underground water supply that the CCEI had spoken of. CCEI remarked that if their conclusions about Rulison became a reality and underground water contamination did occur, "it would be too late to do anything about it."

The Fire at Dow

From several vantage points in Denver, after sundown, a string of lights is visible on the northwestern horizon. The lights slightly resemble an outlying farm community, but in reality the lights are the round-the-clock operations of Rocky Flats, a major national defense installation operated by Dow Chemical for the AEC. Last May 15 fire at the site caused $50 million in damages. A quantity of plutonium, which officials have been reluctant to place a value on, was burned. Dow and the AEC hastened to deny that any contamination could have been released outside the plant site, but admitted that several firemen were contaminated and had been treated by a physician who was taking steps to cleanse their blood supplies. The AEC later said extensive air, water and ground surveys had been completed in the Denver-Boulder-Golden area, but no contamination had been recorded.

However, a CCEI statement indicated that an adequate survey would have been extremely difficult if not impossible. "Plutonium is relatively difficult to detect," CCEI scientists said, "since its principal emission is alpha radiation. In order to identify the presence of plutonium, an extremely sensitive detection system is needed because ordinary geiger counters, which are fine for the detection of beta and gamma radiation, are generally not adequate to detect alpha radiation. Even with the proper detection equipment, it is necessary that the detector be within an inch or so of the contaminated material in order to be within the range of alpha radiation in air. Thus an aircraft survey is inadequate and ground surveys require sophisti-

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cated equipmment." The persistence of the scientists has the Colorado Department of Public Health presently investigating controls over plutonium at Rocky Flats.

During the controversy surrounding the fire, two related announcements were made. The first, by Dow spokesmen, noted that the plant was nearing completion of a $50-million expansion program, a figure not included in the costs necessary to repair the damages caused by the May 11 fire. The second, carried on the wires of United Press International and later printed in *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* (April, 1969) and in *Esquire* (September, 1969), involved statements of Dr. Ernest J. Sternglass, a member of the Department of Radiology and Division of Radiation Health at the University of Pittsburgh. Sternglass argued that "scientific evidence indicates that already one of three children who died before their first birthdays in America in the 1960s, may have died as a result of peacetime nuclear testing." Sternglass further charged that the unexpected genetic effect posed by strontium 90, a radioactive contaminant created by the Rulison blast, "has become evident from an increase in the incidence of infant mortality along the path of the fallout cloud from the first atomic test in New Mexico in 1945, and from a detailed correlation of state-by-state infant mortality excesses with yearly changes of strontium 90 levels in milk."

For the time being, Sternglass' warning has been just that. He spoke only of the first Rulison blast. The complete development of the entire Rulison field will reportedly require more than 200 nuclear blasts for completion. And there remain similar plans for areas of Wyoming, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico.

A second related criticism comes from Dr. Arthur R. Tamplin of the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory at the University of California at Livermore, who says that fallout radiation, judged on available evidence, has had an effect on the fetal death rate. Tamplin says that in 1963, the year of the test ban, there were some 4-million live births, but more than 8,000 fetal deaths which could have been accounted for by fallout.

As passenger jets depart from Stapleton International Airport in Denver, Army engineers working below at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal continue operations of one of the major poison gas installations in the country. The Rulison Project and the Rocky Flats operations have gained most of their publicity and criticism in the past year, but the arsenal has been in and out of the headlines since the 1950s. Waste disposal methods at the arsenal were blamed by area ranchers for crop and livestock losses. The Public Health Service fixed the Army at fault and said a six-mile area near the arsenal "was heavily contaminated." The Army engineers responded with a new method of disposal—pumping waste into a well some 2½ miles deep. Almost five years passed before the well was closed. While such disposal methods were used, some 1,000 earth tremors were recorded in the Denver area, many in the Derby-Commerce City area near the arsenal. Waste material pumped into the well had lubricated blocks of rock. Their eventual movement, caused by the presence of the waste, was the cause of the tremors, some maintained. But scientists also said removing the waste material pumped into the well would lead to new dangers, a "damned if you do, damned if you don't trap" for the Army. Even when the pumping was stopped, earth tremors continued. In August of 1967, the city was struck by 82 tremors in a one-month period, one severely damaging a city block.

Oops!

While the Army's past operations have threatened Denver residents, their main function as a chemical warfare installation poses a much greater threat. A former U.S. Representative from Colorado, Byron L. Johnson, notes that enough gas has been stockpiled at the arsenal to "kill every man, woman and child in the world." Even if government spokesmen would want to defend such quantities of chemical warfare agents from a national defense viewpoint, no sane justification could be made for the presence of enough poison gas to destroy the population of the entire world. And no apologist can argue for the safety of such gas, as the Army, like the AEC, has shown that mistakes can happen. The classic example is the death of more than 6,000 sheep near an army test center at Dugway, Utah in 1968. Elsewhere, an artillery train derailed on the Utah-Nevada border in 1969. In Denver, a semi-trailer truck carrying forty 1,000-lb bombs was involved in a traffic accident in which one person was killed. Fortunately, the bombs remained intact.

In September, 1969, the *New York Times* reported AEC officials claiming they were "getting shot at," that much of their criticism was coming from young people out to attack the establishment. The *Times'* article reported the officials as saying they dismissed some of their critics as being too emotional. One can only wonder, though, how such officials dismiss the 6,000 dead sheep, the 1,000 or more earth tremors, the contaminated firemen, the 8,000 fetal deaths.

A recent symposium in Las Vegas raised nationally questions about the safety and advisability of the Plowshare Program, and in Denver the American Civil Liberties Union has introduced a civil suit seeking to block use of natural gas freed in Project Rulison. The ACLU is charging that the Atomic Energy Commission "grossly underestimate[s] possible damage from radiation." It is a suit regarded as the most important the AEC has had to face since the early 1950s, when Dr. Linus C. Pauling sought to have the courts halt all underground testing. Pauling lost that suit. Maybe the ACLU will be more successful. It had better; time is running out—and not just on the state of Colorado.

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DO STUDENTS WANT EDUCATION?

"Where there is rage and distrust, education is not possible"

MICHAEL NOVAK

The words "educational reform" are everywhere in the air. But the radical movement, if it has not disintegrated under its own passion for purity and in its own moral self-righteousness, may well contribute far less to education than anyone had dreamed. It seems clearer now that many young people among those bright and sensitive ones in whom so much hope was placed, do not want to reform education but to escape from it. They seem to want to build their own institution, in which to harbor the 10 years or more of irresponsibility, from 18 to 30, which our society's affluence allows them. They do not need to work. They do not need to marry. Above all, many have contempt for their society. Where there is rage and distrust, education is not possible.

What are the sources of the rage? Educators will have to catch up to the vision of our society as it is seen and felt by the radical young. They will have to experience *Easy Rider* and *Bonnie and Clyde,* say, as if these were the early and overpowering images of life for them—not just one or two new notes among many others, much more central and dominant than that.

For more than five years now, many of America's young men, facing the draft, have tried on for size the experience of being criminal—outside the law, outside the social mores, outside the silent, smug and powerful majority. When young people see *Bonnie and Clyde,* they do not seem to experience what Pauline Kael, for example, and other older critics perceive. Those who have been marched upon by hundreds of blue-helmeted, paunchy-stomached, clear-eyed policemen at the Oakland Induction Center, those who were beaten up by officers of the law in Mississippi, those whose scalps were split open by clubs at Harvard, know what it is to *hate* the law. Fingers of icy, intense revulsion open low in one's stomach, expand against the rib cage, and force one's arms outwards to strike, one's mouth open to shriek. The experience of being outside the law, hating the law, seeing the *law* as lawless, inverts most of the expectations on which American education is built.

Secondly, for five years the young have learned to see the spokesmen for the nation (the learned, the cultivated, the reasonable, the respected) talk foolishly, stupidly, untruthfully. Watch *Rush to Judgment, The Year of the Pig,* and *Point of Order* with the young. Feel their anger and hatred grow as they sit before the larger-than-life image of District Attorney Wade from Dallas, President Johnson's defense of the war, baby-smooth Hubert Humphrey pretending at candor, the megalomaniac Joseph McCarthy becoming hero to the silent majority, Hilsman and Schlesinger and McNamara and John Kennedy (ambivalence there) and all the other liberal, respectable ones honoring *Diem.* Sit and watch Colonel George S. Patton III describe his pride at their hymn-singing, prayers, and looks of determination, only to break into an unforgettable boyish grin: "They're *bloody* good killers."

What can a five-year wave of young people, experiencing themselves as outside the law, possibly feel about those whom our society praises as leaders, responsible men, men of conscience, educated liberals? Their hatred for the stupidity of Generals (ramrod Westmoreland, his name an acronym for American policy; LeMay; fire-breathing Mark Clark and his adoring respectable wife) sizzles. Imagine their hatred for the FBI and the CIA, who hid so many facts regarding the assassination of John Kennedy. One learns what it is like to contemplate living in a nation run by respectable thugs.

Thirdly, watch the re-emergence of the Western hero, the myth of romantic love, return to power over the American psyche. The heroes of *Easy Rider* ride past the same mountains, through the same defiles, thousands of cowboy heroes have passed horseback. They are as lonely as the cowboys, existential heroes before the French discovered the word, men living outside society, living by a code of honor: doing their thing, doing what they have to do, pure and determined, riding to what their code makes inevitable: death. The new hero, however, does not defend himself with his gun. The values of the school marms have conquered the law of the West: the new cowboys are pacifists, and the law-abiding citizens who go to church beat them with lead pipes in their sleep and shoot them like ducks. The old West was where a man was a man, proved in confrontation by his skill with a gun. The new frontier is inward; it is a search for sensitivity and caring—not merely for adventure, and not by the law of the gun. The Riders ride eastward: toward the effete. The old cowboys can't tolerate the feminizing of their West.

The new cowboy, like the old, lives by a code so

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romantic, so otherwordly, that no satisfaction, no finite achievement, can seduce him into settling down. He is always on the move. The infinite (which he identifies with freedom) draws him onward. Finite life cannot contain him: no woman, no settlement, no commune. Only the unlimited ecstasy of death—crummy, sudden, brutal—is a fitting climax to his dreams: he rides toward it, inexorably, believing the fault to be society's. Peter Fonda plays the cowboy role his father often played—silent, guarding his integrity, easy, smiling, handsome, doomed: the American dream. And the easy riders, like the cowboys, feel the corruption of commerce taking over their way of life, quicksand rising in their own souls: "We blew it."

Easy Rider is utterly powerful. And like *Bonnie and Clyde,* it is the sight and feel of blood—but their own blood—that makes the present five-year crop of young people sit in horror, silence, and hatred. Life is unfair. The cowboy movie lost its power during the commercial decades 1945-65; it was merely entertainment, merely escape. Today, once more, it reveals the American psyche so tangibly one aches for hours afterwards: one should not utter such secrets on public screens. Bonnie held in suspension riddled and dancing while flaming red buttons leap from her body, Bonnie tormented by the respectable and by officers of the law, is oneself: and the only opening seems to be death. Will we all die? Leaving the theater, there is no speech.

To kill or to be killed, those seem to be the limits of life. Lieut. Calley at My Lai is the unattractive surrogate for a generation. Pump bullets into others, in rage: was Calley killing General Hershey when, allegedly, he pumped automatic fire into Oriental human beings? Was he tearing apart the body of J. Edgar Hoover, or Lyndon Baines Johnson, or Richard Nixon, or John Kennedy, or Martin Luther King? There seems to be enough rage to drown us all in blood, randomly, senselessly, like Clyde pulling the trigger in the suprised face of the banker.

Education, under such conditions, is bound to be irrelevant. One's own blood will not stand still. Hatred is too intense.

It is matters like these that Robert Wolff misses in his new book, *The Ideal of the University,* (Beacon Press, $5.95, 161 pp.). It is a serious mistake to think that it is ideas that are in question among the young or, possibly, even that reform in education is in question. The passion is rage. Only fear of some irrevocable step, fear of ultimate irrelevance, lack of a target commensurate with the rage, holds back murder of everyone in sight. What good would it do to kill Nixon, Agnew, or College President X? Some other would take his place. The legions of cultivated, responsible bureaucrats are endless and made up of identical men. Off with the shackles, let us go, let us wander, let us flow, let us merge with the infinite.

Tormented souls will not be satisfied with administrative schemes. Our schools are filling up, during the present five-year cycle, with very sick psyches. The young have a right to envisage a future of honorable careers, but this five-year wave has found every career dishonorable. Should one trust District Attorneys, Judges, or American Medical Association bankers? Should one trust scientists, engineers, or administrators? Did not businesses whose most important product was progress produce more pollution than human community? To what career may a young man proudly turn? And as for motherhood: suburban kitchens depend for their shiny, gleaming equipment on the poverty of nations. And Billy Graham is the best loved churchman.

Strong Traditions, Solid Standards

To be sure, there are still good schools in which traditions are so strong and standards so solid that students have been able to sound a creative note, voicing insights that have not been voiced. But it would be rash to leap to the conclusion that "the youth culture" or "the counter culture" truly cares about educational reform, about the intellectual life, about critical habits of mind. In carefully modulated contexts, *some* of their rage may be "constructively" channeled. But what the youth culture is up to, really up to, is not educational reform.

Professor Wolff distinguishes various conceptions of the university: a Sanctuary for Scholarship [he wants at least a little of that], a Training Camp for the Professions [he wants at least three college years protected from that, dropping the senior year in high school], a Social Service Station filling the needs of society [he dislikes Clark Kerr's multiversity, and wants the system criticized as well as serviced] and as an Assembly Line for Establishment Men [he criticizes the radical critique of the university]. Wolff's distinctions in these opening chapters are helpful. He is at his best demolishing liberal arguments on one side, and those of romantic radicals on the other. The hardheaded, critical radicalism which Wolff himself represents is best seen in his defense of the university as the "only major viable institutional center of opposition to the dominant values and policies of the society." The role of the university as an institution of opposition to the society "flows from its very nature as a center of free inquiry." No "twist of the Hegelian dialectic" persuades him "that a society progresses by destroying its most progressive institutions." The romantic radicals, he notes, start with a feeling, not an axiom or a theory—a feeling of rage, of the unlimited, I would add. He counters with a respect for the concrete and the finite: "Only next steps are ever possible; final steps can never be taken."

Still, there are limits to the critical tradition out of which Wolff writes. He is clearly a man of the Enlightenment: a man of reason, logic, critical care, whose major work (along with his political writing) has been on Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason.* His strengths are analytical; he is at his best criticizing an argument. He is not

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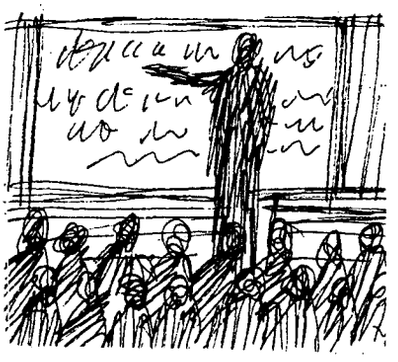
nearly so strong in identifying standpoints or horizons, and providing the dialectic that leads from one to the other. Thus his argument, in the end, does not really take us to the heart of the matter: *viz.,* the invention of an intellectual method that is intercultural without pretending to some imperialistic objectivity; the development of an understanding of human understanding that does not alienate one's mind from one's body; one's ideas from one's personal experience; one's principles from one's cultural sense of reality; one's subjectivity from one's objectivity. Wolff has, in short, too uncritically western a conception of reason, logic, argument and insight.

Intelligent, perceptive, critical human consciousness is far richer than westerners suppose. James, Peirce and Dewey established 60 years ago a model of human intelligence that would, in somewhat bastardized form, dominate the American university community, business world, and defense establishment: Pragmatism, quantification, operational and functional analysis, descriptive rather than normative discourse. Professor Wolff has himself attacked this establishment intelligence eloquently. But I think he is far yet from understanding that story, symbol, myth, and sense of reality function differently for different world cultures; that the realism of the Vietnamese, so different from our own and yet highly effective, has hardly been studied by philosophers (who should not be merely imperialists of the intellect).

A method of understanding human intelligence that enables Americans to be more sensitive to other world cultures, and to peoples of those other countries in the middle of our own country (the black and the lower-middle-class white), is desperately needed. We need a vision of intelligence to illuminate the next 60 years, as compelling as that which the Pragmatists gave us for the past 60—but far less dogmatic, far less narrow, far less impersonal, far less blind to its own biases, far less pretentious (under the rubric of "objectivity"), far more intercultural. When the Vietnamese wished to console the Chinese, whom they had expelled from Vietnam, they sent as a mark of honor the most highly developed intelligence among them: that of a poet. To the moon, we sent engineers. The need for a new model of intelligence is far more basic to educational reform than the administrative changes to which Wolff appeals.

His discussion of the three separate functions of grading—criticism, evaluation according to standards, and marking—is helpful. Similarly, his critique of "three myths of education"—value neutrality (he puts professors in their place), relevance (he puts radical students in their place), and efficiency (he puts administrators in their place). He is even led to make an appeal for subjectivity: "Make administrative decisions in educational institutions *subjectively,* not *objectively.*" His discussion of "How a College Should be Governed" supposes that, in these days both of virtually compulsory attendance at college and intense rage against system and self, a significant proportion of students care more about the reform and the governance of a college than seems to be the case. That supposition needs vigorous questioning.

The young feel helpless today, not so much because they do not "control their own destinies," for no man ever has, but because they are prevented by affluence from becoming adults. They are old enough to be adults. But the usual social definitions of adulthood—self-definition through economic responsibility and marital responsibility—are not for them. No one and nothing depends on their talent, skill, work, performance. They are socially useless. They often feel guilt and self-hatred, rage and resentment. They *should* be needed by somebody, but they aren't.



No institution in America helps them through the 10- to 15-year period of their inutility, neither the home nor the church, neither the political nor the economic system. It is too lonely to face so many years alone. An institution is required. The nearest institution at hand, the only one sufficiently sensitive and malleable (like their parents) to be bent to their ploys, is the university. They can hardly help wishing to turn the university to *their* purposes. It is their turf, their home, their place; it is very hard to get them to leave it; they have no place else to go. They do not so much want to govern a university as to have their own place. Exercises in college governance, where tried, end up by boring them. Who enjoys constantly meeting in committee?

Universities were not established to serve the inertial needs of a necessarily large and cumbersome bureaucracy, such as is required if *all* young people and not just an elite ten percent are to have an opportunity for a college education. But neither were universities established to serve the institutional needs of the youth culture. Between those two stones, a fragile institution which provides a base for critical, international intelligence is being crushed. The requirements of critical intelligence and creative teaching are in direct conflict with the requirements of a smoothly ordered bureaucracy (not to say with the surrounding social-political order). But they are also in direct conflict with the need to supply supportive services for the youth culture.

"To every child a childhood" was an old labor union motto. Many of today's students, describing their own

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childhood, describe a regimentation, a competitiveness, an artificiality, a protection from hunger and nature and anguish and want that were not common even twenty years ago. The impoverishment of experience brought about by growing up in the suburbs, after Sputnik, has been devastating, and many seem to be demanding to experience now the carefree, experiential childhood they missed then.

Can the university become a babysitter for the youth culture? Can it provide the life experience and all the other things young people desperately want and need?

Poignant, Painful Casualties

Finally, it seems to me a mistake to base long-range educational reforms on the mood and sentiments of the radical members of the youth culture at the present time. They are among the most poignant, painful casualties of the Vietnam war. The terrorism and brutality of that war give them their single most potent rationalization for the distrust and anger they feel toward our society and our culture. But the roots of what they feel lie far more in themselves than their attacks upon society allow them to recognize. They are able to cope with an idealized world, in which they receive affection and esteem. Opposition, harsh judgment, a merely partial success (as in the election campaign of 1968), the threat of personal failure seem to be more than many can bear. They have failed seldom, and the longer they go without failure the more terrifying the prospect.

To argue abstractly that the maturity of young people entitles them to share in the governance of a university sets logical reason in conflict with concrete reason. To go from a utopian *should* to a concrete *is wise* is a formidable transition—which Professor Wolff feels poignantly when his logic, against his wisdom, leads him to agree reluctantly that students should share in the selection of faculty. His argument is that even the best faculties sometimes make the "godawfulest decisions"; but from that premise it does not follow that students will help faculties make fewer such decisions. Everything depends on concrete considerations: which students, at what period in history, for what purposes, according to which standards; which faculty, with what aims; at which school, with what role, etc.

At the present moment, I am extremely skeptical. Experimental colleges everywhere, and experimental programs in good colleges everywhere, are increasingly feeling the opposition in aim between building a shelter for the youth culture and building a community of critical, sustained intelligence. The collision is especially felt among those students who, 10 or 15 years ago, would have been the ones marked out by their talents and sensitivities for future positions in the universities. Talking to such students now is often like talking to members of the John Birch society. Self-criticism is far from being their most impressive skill, and breadth of sympathy for positions not their own is conspicuously lacking. Everything is given the simplest possible conspiratorial explanation. Unless I am mistaken, however, many radical students are themselves dissatisfied with the ideological low level to which they have fallen, and are slowly regaining their contacts with the rest of the human race, and in a few years the radical movement may rediscover values it now spurns.

The first five or six insights of the radical movement were correct: about the Vietnam war, about the connection of the war with the American economic-political system, about white racism, about the multiversity, about the collusion of the university with the military, etc. It is a tragic thing to be smashingly right on one's first five or six public moves; one's moral complacency thereafter may make it impossible for anyone ever again to touch one's soul. The isolation of many radicals, unable to speak to those five years older than they, and perhaps soon to those five years younger, springs from the very volatility of the youth culture which makes that culture a poor base for long-range planning.

Wolff's book, then, is intelligent but far too rational; it lacks dialectic. To his proposal that the senior year in high school be dropped, however, I would like to add: Half the money presently going into college construction should go into a "scholarship" fund to be given those who promise to stay *out* of college for at least one full year, to get a little experience under their belts, to be sure that, when they come to college, they want to come and knew for what.

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DAVID GALLER

THE PRODIGAL SON RETURNS

Swaying to rhythms, having visions, I'd see
Myself rise in your darkening room, in which
You'd pitied yourself or sworn that I was rich;
Snap on the light, and sneer conclusively:
"I never left your house!"
Old tyrant, blind
And deaf, for the most part, it would be funny
To see you gasp for words—but, ah, you'd find
Composure enough to growl: "Where is the money!"

But truth lies in my joke. For, here, I'd dreamed
Of the wide world outside, while, when out there,
My thoughts turned to your house. As it had seemed
I'd never lived here, so I'd forswear
Experience of beyond.
Suppose I say
Nothing has happened to me. Here, with costly
Wenches and drugs and drums, I feel mostly
That I've arrived *somewhere*. I mean to stay.

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THE SCREEN

Remember the Silent '50s, when Terry Southern was considered shocking and, we thought, cleansing? He performed a valuable service back then in his role as Merry Prankster for the Eisenhower Generation. His novels (and whatever happened to Mason Hoffenberg?) comprised a series of practical, or sick, jokes that acted as joy buzzers pressed against the hand of the body politic. But unlike Lenny Bruce, to whose bleak and blue humor Southern's bore a superficial resemblance, his moral vision was both wide-eyed and myopic. As the situation-comedy '50s gave way to that decade-long horror movie known as the '60s, Bruce expanded his outlook and insights to encompass his love-hate relationship with a legal system symptomatic of America's complexities and absurdities. Southern just kept jabbing away at national targets that had already become soft from the sharper punches of so many others. His humor, at first welcomed because of its little-boy viciousness, refused to mature. Stunted, it was no longer offensive but cute, and then fashionable and thus trite. Now it is dull, and thus offensive.

Southern was in his Welcome phase—*Candy* had finally been published by a reputable American firm—when his name appeared in the writing credits for Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove* . . . , and he was given credit for turning a straight novel about nuclear destruction into a camp satire of the Bomb, the Military, venal Russkies and effeminate liberals. Kubrick denied that Southern's contribution was crucial, but "deviated pervert" and "purity of essence" had entered the language, and Terry Southern had entered the gates of Hollywood. The tremendous dramatic logic (what, in the old days of the *script bien-fait*, would have been called the "good story line") propelling *Strangelove* to its Armageddon finale, like the irresistible force of the plots of *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Planet of the Apes*, was a structure strong enough to bear the weight of Southern's satirical gargoyles. But the films that have followed—*The Loved One*, *Candy*, *End of the Road*, and now *The Magic Christian*—have had little discernible structure, of either propulsive plot or sympathetic characterization, and Southern himself wasn't strong enough to carry them by force of personality. After two hours of all icing and no cake, the viewer is sure to be sicker than Southern's jokes ever were.

The Magic Christian, an amiable enough jape when Random House published it at the end of the '50s, was based on *Mad* comic's "Movie Scenes We'd Like to See." With absolutely no plot thrust, and lots of chapters and big print (which must have endeared it to reviewers in an era when no novel could be considered serious unless it outweighed the Sunday *Times*), *The Magic Christian* strung beads of nastiness—a championship fight between two gay boxers, a safari stocked with a 75-mm. howitzer, a man who eats a parking ticket for money, men who jump into a tub of dung for money, a world dying to pawn its soul for some easy green—on the fragile frame of an American billionaire named Guy Grand. If Southern's Candy was a modern Candide, receiving her *education sensuelle* at the hands and other appendages of the worst of all possible males, Guy Grand was the Old Testament God masquerading as David Rockefeller, dispensing a plague whenever he felt puckish or peevish. (These analogies to classical literature can be made, incidentally, without at all inflating the already gaseous reputation of Southern's revue-skit books.)

For satire to have any resonance, it needs a wall of normalcy to bounce off. The Hollywood creators of the '30s screwball comedies knew this. Why don't Peter Sellers and Joseph McGrath? Sellers, who plays an anglicized Guy Grand, has invested most of his larger parts with humanity as well as eccentricity; his characterizations in *Battle of the Sexes*, *Only Two Can Play*, *The Wrong Arm of the Law* and *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas* show it. McGrath directed the most attractive segments of *Casino Royale*—the parts with Sellers, especially a lovely, funny seduction scene, in which Ursula Andress seduces Sellers' James Bond. With his next two films, the Dudley Moore musical-comedy showcase, *Thirty Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia*, and the triumphantly graceful farce, *The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom*, McGrath soldered his standing as an extraordinarily inventive and stylish entertainer. Unfortunately, the graceful comedy genre is as neglected today as the Western was in the '50s. In our reappraisal of the postwar Westerns of Budd Boetticher, John Ford, Sam Fuller, Howard Hawks, Anthony Mann, Nicholas Ray and Jacques Tourneur, we tend to forget that studio economics forced most of these men out of the genre, and out of work as well. In another decade critics may rediscover the comedies of McGrath, Phillipe De Broca, Frank Tashlin and George Axelrod. But, unless these films are recognized in the here and now, when studios are more likely to finance a "searing satire" in the Southern style than McGrath's small, subtle comic gems, we will have far fewer films to rediscover. At the moment, the McGrath "cult" numbers about three—hardly enough to back his next picture—and it may shrink with the release of *The Magic Christian*.

There's an unpleasant strain evident in McGrath's work here: the tension between a graceful, tasteful artist and the gross, small-minded material he has to work with. McGrath's forte—like Sellers and, for that matter, Southern—is embellishment. Give him an agreeable script (Dennis Norden's and Alec Coppel's for *Mrs.*

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Blossom) and a few charming actors (James Booth, Shirley MacLaine and Richard Attenborough in the same film), and McGrath can *realize*, or *direct*, an enchanting film. But he can't *create* out of whole cloth; certainly not from Southern's motley quilt. McGrath is an interpretive, not a creative, artist. In *The Magic Christian* he is charged, not with shaping and stylizing an idea already suited to his taste, but with inventing ideas around a scheme he probably finds unsympathetic. McGrath, Sellers and Southern—the scriptwriters of record—are not up to it. After beginning beautifully, in a generous, lyrical McGrathian tone completely removed from that of the book, the movie settles down to a screen translation, and slight expansion, of the book. As Christ "went about doing good," Guy Grand goes about "making it hot for people." For the viewer, it's not so hot. Invention, even of the outrageously sick sort that made parts of the *Candy* film memorably repulsive, is lacking, and an air of desperation begins to hang over the film. When in doubt—which is almost always—McGrath indulges his already too highly developed taste for fag humor. Or Sellers mugs, out of character, in his Oxonian swish accent. Or Ringo Starr, who has absolutely nothing to do, looks balefully into the camera. Or Paul McCartney's infectious signature tune, "Come and Get It," is played for the fifth time. Or Yul Brynner, in drag, sings "Mad About the Boy" to Roman Polanski.

This fearless, cheerless film mocks nearly every aspect of Western Civilization the book did—except for two, the movies and television. Evidently, one of the film's creators decided that even satire had to be sold—to the movies and television. Everyone, as Guy Grand would say, has his price. Or did it just get a bit too hot for them?

RICHARD CORLISS

OH, FOR AN HONEST MOTH

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THE STAGE

Just when it looks as though a familiar popular genre is about to die of inanition, one of its kind comes along and—by quality or slickness or gimmickry—holds out the possibility that there is life in the old form yet. In a season in which Broadway production has all but withered away one might expect the standard Broadway comedy to be an early victim, but one of the season's few commercial successes is Leonard Gershe's *Butterflies Are Free*. In this case, it is resurrection by gimmick.

The appeal of Broadway comedy—which I can ordinarily resist—lies in the fact that it couples the traditional happy ending with a touch of didacticism. There are presumably incidental enticements—amusing lines, naughty words, potentially embarrassing situations, a little porcelain sex—but the chief attraction must be that the hero (the erring husband or the rebellious youth) learns that a little circumspect freedom is enough and that there is value after all in the conventional wisdom. *Maturity* is the operative word; it stands for a fictional quality which audiences noddingly approve probably because if it existed in the real world it would erase the unrest that churns societies and stomachs alike. For me, the final clinch curtain of such comedies is false, as the similar fade-out in farce and romantic comedy is not, because it has no aesthetic reality; it is reached not through action but through lecture demonstration which implies that it has some direct connection with life.

Gershe is well within the formula. His hero, a mother-dominated son of the suburbs trying to make his own way in the city, finds—through the flighty girl next door—the strength to face up to mother and—through his mother's good sense—the wisdom to make the girl confront her own *maturity* crisis. In the end, the boy is *mature* enough to stand on his own feet, the mother is *mature* enough to let him do so and the girl is *mature* enough to commit herself to a serious relationship. Embrace. Happy tearful curtain.

The gimmick: the boy is blind. It is this variation and the physical and verbal tricks implicit in it that prompted the favorable reviews and still draws the crowds. The

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hero's blindness aside, *Butterflies Are Free* is an undistinguished representative of a not very interesting tradition. The hero and heroine, sprightly whiners both, are the usual trying couple, and the mother, properly fastidious and acid, comes straight from the suburban cookie-cutter. The lines—a few of which are funny—are studded with contemporary references, trade names, fashionable identification marks. The one momentarily redeeming feature is Eileen Heckart as the mother. A pillar of tiredly patient sophistication, she at first makes almost any line sound funny, but finally she is reduced to milking her mannerisms, particularly when she is forced to go for pathetic effects.

It is not the play's hero but its length that makes *Butterflies* in any way unusual. The theater, particularly off-Broadway, has long since given up the customary two-and-a-half-hour traffic of our stage, has become quite willing to send the audience home early. *Butterflies,* so far as I know, is the first Broadway comedy to follow the new fashion. Yet, the basic play is there, seemingly as attenuated as it can possibly be. It is the character turns that are missing, all those eccentric maids, elevator men, neighbors that pop in, do a bit and then duck out to let the complications creak on. Aside from the three main characters, there is only one other person in the *Butterflies* cast and he has a bonafide role to play in the plot. It is only incidental that the character is an off-off-Broadway director who gives Gershe his one chance at satire, an inept put-down of the current penchant for uplift pornography. (This kind of comedy is consistently philistine, always ready to condescend to modern art, rock music, political fashions with such placid self-assurance that even the most idiotic fads look suddenly like the genuine article at bay.) In retrospect, all those intrusive vaudeville bits seem much more important than the plays they used to interrupt. To me, that is. Perhaps what *Butterflies* proves by stripping the genre to its icky essentials is that there is still an audience willing to dress up and come to the theater for the kind of comfort they could find at home on television. Why just the other night, trapped by my fondness for animals, I got the same limited-freedom message from a segment of *Family Affair.* The gimmick: a crowd of charming hamsters. *(At the Booth)*

GERALD WEALES

BOOKS

Gandhi: in history as in life, a man of enormous complexity

Gandhi's Truth
ERIK ERIKSON
Norton, $10

Gandhi
GEOFFREY ASHE
Stein and Day, $8.95

The Life and Death of Mahatma Gandhi
ROBERT PAYNE
Dutton, $12.95

PHILIP G. ALTBACH

Any study of Gandhi is a difficult task. Basically he had two different careers, one in South Africa, the other in India. His leadership of the Indian community in South Africa and his first successful use of *satyagraha* (nonviolence), in the first half of his life, would have made him an important historical figure had he done nothing else. But the crucial half of his public career occured in Gandhi's middle and old age. In 1914, at the age of 45, he returned to India and participated actively in Indian public life until his death at the age of 79 in 1948. Although thoroughly at home with Western political rhetoric (he was a London-trained barrister), his success was based on an appeal to traditional Hinduism. Fluent in at least five languages, Gandhi was a prolific writer—the thirtieth volume of his collected works has recently appeared in India. In short, he is a major political and religious figure whose career spanned crucial periods in the history of South Africa and India. Any consideration of his life must take into account all of these various aspects. The fact is, there has not yet been a successful biography of Gandhi—an indication of the complexity of his character and role.

Erik Erikson's *Gandhi's Truth,* is a remarkable book and the most successful of these three volumes. Erikson, with his characteristic insight, has portrayed one period of Gandhi's career with understanding and, it would seem, a good deal of truth. One can argue, as several Indian reviewers have, that the particular incident which Erikson picked was not as important as he supposes. Nonetheless the book provides what is perhaps the most "human" analysis of Gandhi to date. The book is basically a study of a limited event in Gandhi's life, his leadership of a strike of textile workers in the Indian city of Ahmadabad in 1918. Though not directly related to the independence movement, which was then taking shape, the event, according to Erikson was indicative of Gandhi's tactics and underlying personality.

Within the context of the strike, Erikson has tried to examine Gandhi's relationships with those around him—the various members of his *ashram* (the small religious-communal community

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which he founded in Ahmadabad), his family, the workers and the management of the mills. Erikson discusses Gandhi's views toward sex, which sound quite strange to a Westerner but which are within accepted traditions of Hinduism, and his efforts, ultimately unsuccessful, to educate his wife. He proved to be a more effective bargainer with the mill-owners.

Erikson sees Gandhi's devotion to "truth" and his inability to compromise with the truth as he saw it, as one of the key elements of his character and of his political success in the Indian context. In his personal life, Gandhi was totally devoted to the truth: if his son committed an indiscretion, Gandhi would publicly chastise him. Similarly, in his relationships with the mill-owners, he was completely open. He demanded that his adversaries confront not only himself and the workers, but also a higher truth. His reliance on non-violence and personal renunciation, again in the Hindu context, added to the credibility of his position. Erikson makes much of Gandhi's relations with individuals and his tremendous power over people in such relationships.

Skillfully combining interviews with individuals who participated in these events, available documentary sources and Gandhi's own writings, Erikson is able to present a coherent portrait of an extremely complex individual at a formative period of his career. Erikson's feat is all the more impressive since he is a Westerner with relatively little background in India culture or history. Engagingly written, this study of the psychological and political aspects of India's "great soul" is one of the most significant books of Gandhiana to appear so far.

The two biographical studies are less well written and also less perceptive. Given the complexity of Gandhi's character, it would probably be too much to expect a fully satisfying book. Neither volume deals in sufficient detail with the political background which formed such a key part of Gandhi's life.

Gandhi, after all, lived through and partly shaped one of the most complex periods of modern Indian history. His relationship to the Indian National Congress, the mainstream of the nationalist movement was, for example, quite complicated. Effectively in control of the Congress during most of the period between 1920 and 1947, Gandhi was engaged in continual battles with ideological leftists in the Congress. British policies toward India were also in a period of transition, and were important in shaping the outlook and tactics of the nationalist movement.

Despite the fact that Gandhi ceaselessly worked for Hindu-Muslim unity, and, in fact, was assassinated by a fanatic who felt that he was "soft" on the Muslims, Gandhi did create a religious-political movement based on Hinduism. He was the man who politicized Hinduism, and in this sense his movement contributed to the animosity between Hindus and Muslims—an animosity which he detested but which eventually led to the creation of Pakistan.

The more coherent and accurate volume is Geoffrey Ashe's *Gandhi*. Ashe, like most of Gandhi's other biographers, spends too much time on the South African experience and does not go into enough detail about India. It can be argued, of course, that the techniques of *satyagraha* were developed in South Africa, and Gandhi, in a sense, received his "vocation' there. The South African period also shaped many aspects of his personality and his attitudes. In addition, Gandhi himself is most explicit concerning this period of his life, since major portions of his autobiography, written partly in prison not long after his return to India, deal with South Africa.

Gandhi's leadership of the Indian independence movement manifested his political genius but at the same time was often personally frustrating. He held many apparently reactionary views: he advocated spinning cloth by hand and was opposed to industrialism. Yet, to balance this, he succeeded in involving the Indian masses in politics for the first time. He also tried to instill a sense of national unity, based in part on the Hindu religion and the Hindustani language. Ashe's biography deals fairly perceptively with these elements of Gandhi's career and personality.

Robert Payne's *The Life and Death of Mahatma Gandhi*, although very readable, relies on too many gimmicks and misses many key aspects of Gandhi's career. A professional biographer who has also written on Lenin, Mao Tse-tung, and Stalin, Payne spends several chapters on the circumstances surrounding Gandhi's assassination, and generally deals with Gandhi as he would with a Western political figure. The book is filled with many interesting aspects of Gandhi's life but does not present a coherent whole and is the least satisfying of the three volumes.

Despite Gandhi's towering historical impact on the struggle for Indian independence, Gandhism is for all practical purposes dead in India today. The official celebrations of the centenary of Gandhi's birth have not emphasized his influence on present-day India, in part because it is surprisingly small. He is, of course, venerated as a saint and as the father of his country; but his concepts of non-violence, his emphasis on the rural sector, and his abhorrence of industrialization have not been influential in shaping India's national policies. Even the movement Gandhi virtually created, the Congress Party, is presently in a state of decay and division. Gandhian journals in India are generally moribund and often turn to Westerners for contributions. It is not very surprising that several of the most thoughtful interpretative studies of Gandhi published in the centenary year were written by Westerners.

Literature and Revolution

JURGEN RUHLE

Praeger, $12.50

BARRY WALLENSTEIN

The American 1930's saw many Marxist interpretations of literature; few of them are read today. C. M. Bowra's *Poetry and Politics 1900-1960* does not move the reader to a viable critical method, nor does Kenneth Burke's short essay on art under capitalism in *The Philosophy of Literary*

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Form. Conor Cruise O'Brien's *Writers and Politics* is more concerned with the limitations of freedom of the press than with the puzzling question of how to read literature that contains, or is determined by, political ideas. The aesthetics of a literature of ideas has not yet, to my knowledge, been adequately studied.

Literature and Revolution grows out of a commitment both to literature as art and politics as an extension of man's moral condition. It is a solid work in an area of little solidity. Jürgen Rühle escaped from East Germany after the events of 1953 and has lived in the West since. The fact that he experienced the Sovietization of East Germany colors his total work. He is writing from the position of disgagement. His sympathy is for "humane socialism." Occasionally a self-righteous, almost evangelical tone is struck: "If with this work I invoke the humane impulse under whose sign Communism has marched, I invoke the spark of hope which after the death of Stalin has tragically illuminated the fight for freedom of the peoples living under Communism." The book's anti-totalitarianism gives a consistency of tone to this large work, even a sense of drama.

The thesis simply stated is: writers of varying talents and genius were inspired by left-wing movements in their own countries and around the world. They aided these movements with their writings. Then, one after another, these figures felt the oppression of their regimes and either went into exile, committed suicide or, with pain, continued to write for the Party. Rühle does not treat this material as simplistically as this summary of his thesis would suggest. The complex relationships between Party and individual writer are researched and the literature is sensitively referred to.

Of the book's three sections the first two deal with Russian and German literature, and present the most complete guide to politically motivated literature in the two countries. The last section is more diffuse. It contains studies of writers from European and Asian countries, including France, Italy, England, and China. At times Rühle is most stimulating, e.g., on the relationship of the French Existentialists to the entire proletarian movement. But there are weaknesses too. Figures like Shaw, Wells, and O'Casey hardly represent the English Left. His discussion of the Auden group is informative only when dealing with the group's nascent signs of disillusionment with Communism. And such a major political poet as Hugh MacDiarmid is not even mentioned.

Since the greater part of this literature is inspired by people's revolutions it is only natural that much of it would be in the form of social realism. It is true that German Expressionists, Russian Futurists, even French Surrealists incorporated left-wing ideology, but for the most part even their literature developed out of what is often derisively called Poster Art (Mayakovsky did, in fact, spend time designing propaganda posters).

One sentence by Johannes R. Becher, early an Expressionist poet who turned realist after going into exile in 1933, expresses the power of many who wrote from the Left: "As a writer I became a reality only after I sought to portray the world realistically, and only since then have I been a reality to my enemies, one which makes them uncomfortable and, I hope, is not without danger to them."

Art *is* a weapon and its power is felt throughout *Literature and Revolution.* But there is a point of diminishing returns. Becher goes on to say, "From now on, to be a great poet must mean: to nourish, to furnish material, to urge on the people, to ease their rocky path, to organize their armies . . . the poet makes rhythmical the masses, versifies them." Rühle then follows with this careful observation which could apply to many of his figures: "In line with the political mission and the detached mood of the times, Becher's poetry became increasingly sober . . . unpoetic."

Conor Cruise O'Brien, in an essay on Yeats' politics illuminates this point: "A Marxist critique which starts with the assumption that bad politics makes for bad style will continue 'not to succeed'—the opposite assumption, though not entirely true, would be nearer to the truth; the politics of the left—any left, even a popular 'national movement'—impose, by their emphasis on collective effort and on sacrifice, a constraint on the artist, a constraint which may show itself in artificialities of style, vagueness or simple carelessness."

The entire relationship of how man behaves politically to how he makes his art has received sporadic and often foolish attention. Rühle may sound somewhat melodramatic when he observes about the Expressionist Georg Heym's work: "The shattering of existing forms presaged the shattering of the existing social order." Nevertheless, Rühle is here deliberating over the vital interrelationships of politics and literary art. The intensity of his study, the wide breadth of its scope alone makes this book an important contribution to the way we look not only at literature as an art, but at literature as an extension of our social lives.

The Gospel of Irreligious Religion

LOWELL D. STREIKER

Sheed & Ward, $4.25

JOHN H. WRIGHT

The subtitle of this slim volume is "Insights for Uprooted Man from Major World Faiths." It is conceived as a contemporary *vade mecum* and derives its positive teaching from many sources: Hinduism, the Hippies, Buddhism, and the Radindranath Tagore. The author discusses Christianity and Judaism mostly by way of negative criticism. In the course of the work he attempts to be many things: a critical observer of the modern scene, a purveyor of basic information about various religions and cultures, and a counselor on how to live in the stresses and ambiguities of modern life. His success in filling each of these roles calls for separate appraisals.

Lowell D. Streiker is an assistant professor in the Department of Religion at Temple University, where he received his B.A. in philosophy in

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1962. He did graduate work in the field of religious studies at Princeton, where he received his Master's and Doctor's degrees. As a critic of the modern scene he seems, to this reviewer, to be still immature, lacking necessary nuance in his judgments, and inclined to oversimplifications and overgeneralizations. This is illustrated by such passages as the following: "Modern life separates us into two groups—the vast grey army of conformists, and the noisy minority of rebellious individualists. The nameless, faceless mass allows itself to be folded, spindled and mutilated in hopes of security, advancement and acceptability." "The Hindu cannot understand why the Christian preacher does not seem to be conscious of the necessity of spiritual practices. The missionary thinks that when a person has gone through a ritualistic conversion, his religious life is satisfied. But Hinduism insists upon discipline." And finally, "According to reformers within as well as enemies without, traditional religion does little more than underwrite the inequities of the established order, excuse bigotry, encourage class and racial division, and oppose human progress."

As a factual reporter about what other people think and believe, he is not especially illuminating; although the information could be quite useful for an undergraduate class in religious studies looking into the matter for the first time. For example, most of the information about Hinduism and Buddhism is readily available in general treatments of comparative religion. However, his insight into some of the attitudes in contemporary Judaism is instructive, though somewhat negative, in spite of the fact that he himself is, as he tells us, of Jewish extraction.

However, as a counselor, the primary role Streiker seeks to fill in this book, he shows by and large real wisdom and perceptiveness. He argues very persuasively for the need to avoid hypocrisy in religion; to be open to others' insights, judgments and experiences; the value of serenity in the conduct of one's affairs; the supreme importance of unselfishness, so as to avoid pain both in one's own life and the lives of others; and finally the importance of seeing God everywhere, after the wisdom of Tagore. Drawing upon this wisdom he writes, "For only by transforming the mundane and habitual can man participate in the divine creativity."

The major theological deficiency of the book is the lack of any attempt to deal seriously and coherently with the problem of God. In the introduction he writes that theology is the attempt to see all things in relation to God and God in terms of all things. A few pages later he tells us that he uses the word "God" for convenience, regarding it as a shorthand for the problem of our times. "God" is employed in his projected theology to represent the hoped for, sought after, unrealized answer to the quandary, "What is the meaning of the personal life, social existence and existential world of man?" In the body of the book he offers this dilemma, "At a time when 'God' symbolizes only the dysfunction and the disvalues of institutionalized religion, when nothing but noise is heard in the solemn assemblies, how is it possible not to be an atheist?" (Note the unnuanced evaluation.) Atheism, particularly in our times, functions as the purifier of religious belief. It is a continual summons to us to cast out the idols which we have mistaken for God. It reminds us that God is not one who supplies for the gaps in our knowledge, He is not a cause operating alongside of other causes, He is not a magic wish-fulfiller of our hopes and dreams. In view of the fact that so much contemporary theological work is directed precisely to purifying our understanding of God, one might have hoped that insights for uprooted man would have given us some of the fruits of this work, helping us to understand, in a renewed way, God and His place in our lives.

It is not likely that this is an important book, but for one who reads carefully and with a willingness to learn, it can provide the kind of challenge which will clarify his own position and inspire him to seek enrichment from many sources.

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The Politics of Taxing and Spending

IRA SHARKANSKY

Bobbs-Merrill, $8

ISIDORE SILVER

As is inevitably the case with any book so impressively titled and yet so severely limited (only 203 pages), less is accomplished though more is promised. This is not a recitation of where and how economic power is translated into political clout; in fact, the sketchy tome is misnamed. It should be called the Non-Politics of Taxing and Spending.

Professor Sharkansky is convinced (and will convince the reader who plows through his miasma of charts and thick academic jargon) that great controversies over who gets what (the definition of Politics according to Harold Lasswell) and, more importantly, who pays for the what, are obfuscated by political bureaucracies that function to avoid those very questions. Rather than analyzing the influence of the oil industry (for instance) on national tax and expenditure policy, the book describes how a Society wed to incremental response to prodigious social problems institutionalizes its inadequacies. In a rare moment of felicitous phrasing, the author notes that we have created certain budgetary principles to "permit government officials to cope with complex issues by ignoring most of them." Since these principles bind all government officials at all levels, even tax sharing and other fiscal gimmicks aren't going to solve very much.

In America, politics appears to be the art of reducing profundities to homilies and values to bickering among bureaucrats for a few extra dollars. Since "the decision maker is surrounded by controversy, and the choices he makes will not satisfy all parties," the political response is to avoid value judgments and to reduce problems to matters of procedure. If "politics" can be redefined to mean the process inherent in such reduction, then Sharkansky's title is well-taken.

Procedural responses take two forms: "contained specialization" and "incrementalism." The former requires that fiscal decisions be made by "experts" in the executive and legislative branches of government (at all levels) and that those decisions be ratified without much debate by lay politicians. "Incrementalism" means that dollar amounts for particular programs are determined not by social need but by previous expenditures in the same areas, with some minor addition or subtraction for immediate political considerations. In sum, "Perhaps the most permanent feature of Federal taxation is the tacit agreement among the legislators that they should not build a wholly new tax system."

Thus, we are saddled with a mushrooming Federal tax code that adds new, quite minor, provisions (usually to aid some person or group currently in political favor) to further confound its own irrationality. Even the current "reform package" now meandering its way through Congress seeks to shrink the pie rather than rearrange its slices according to some comprehensible social scheme.

Sharkansky avoids the hard problems of what values *are* fostered by our fiscal policies and how economic growth, stability, and equity (the major identifiable variables of those policies) relate to each other. Obviously, his broad perspective also avoids the power problems (which are more blatant, though less publicized, at the state and local levels than in Federal fiscal policy). Only twenty-nine pages are devoted to what he calls "historical influences" and they demonstrate that expenditures remain fairly constant except when major national traumas such as wars and depressions occur (he mentions, but underrates, the roles of Federal grant programs). He is bothered by the relatively low rate of increase in all government spending as a percentage of Gross National Product (between 1932 and 1962, such spending rose from 21.3% to 31.7%). Since all governments spend for certain common social services, we can measure the inadequacy of response to newer problems by noting (as does the author) that there has been a 30-year *decline* in such spending (which excludes defense) when measured against the increase in G.N.P.

The book questions the classical liberal tenet that more spending means more and better benefits received. Other factors are often more important than money. Thus, "spending by itself is not a strong determinant of service" and, in fact, "Several of the relationships [between certain types of spending and certain services] are negative!" Factors such as the number of staff personnel administrating the services, the level of demand for the service, and the levels of personal income and urbanization may play a greater role. Other factors, such as regional ones (Southern states provide deficient services because of a

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"basic lack of public-service orientation among southern politicians"), are also relevant.

The dilemma of arguing that social welfare spending is too low while recognizing that increasing it may not solve our problems (reflected in Pat Moynihan's "Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding" and other works) only momentarily embarrasses the author. He cautions that his data do not mean that "focused increases in spending will fail to improve particular services or particular institutions." Money is also, to him, a "useful mechanism for improving public service." In short, he remains a good liberal in the crunch.

There are no easy answers to the problems posed by the Non-Politics of American fiscal life. It is virtually impossible, given the nature of our political assumptions, to examine the "process" (Senator McCarthy's favorite word) by which these—and other national—decisions are made. We cannot readily imagine newer mechanisms that would operate to broaden the issues; we cannot begin to navigate the terrain so broadly sketched by Professor Sharkansky. Perhaps the problem is unsolvable in a vast country characterized by a divided political authority, a multiplicity of vested interests, and a national disinclination to probe deeply into its own values. A revolution will have to come; just where it will come from and what shape it will take and what changes it will wring are the disturbing questions implicit in this disturbing (though unintentionally so) book.

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REVIEWERS

PHILIP G. ALTBACH is an associate professor in Education at the University of Wisconsin.

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Sense and Nonsense in Religion

STEN H. STENSON

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The Universal Word

NELS F.S. FERRE

Westminister, $9

DAVID BURRELL

"The religious task that faces modern man does not call for the abandonment of reason, but only for a recognition of its limitations and a subsequent enlargement of consciousness to include those reaches of personality which most of us have more or less neglected. At least we must not, by discarding our imaginative ability to enter myth, throw away a valuable means toward our own total self-fulfillment, even though to retain this means is to invite trouble of a sort that characterizes moral and spiritual development. To understand religious statements we must not only experience the occasional 'witty' revelation of reason's limitations, we must also come to embody a relatively gentle, but often still annoying pun-like dilation of meaningfulness—a mythopoeic experience of God-man-and-nature such as that which characterizes the world of the Bible."

This longish citation carries the strengths and weaknesses of Stenson's writing in summary fashion. The appropriate maneuvers are plotted in a careful and sophisticated fashion, and the reader is abundantly exhorted to undertake them. But the maneuvers are never executed, so the reader is never shown to make them. He is rather left with a gagging preponderance of 'musts.'

Yet Stenson is more than adequately informed, amazingly sophisticated and not afraid of giving witness to a living interior spirit. The difficulty seems to arise from a system which does not allow these three elements of an intellectual and spiritual formation to come together. What the book calls for is a discipline and a gradual appropriation process. Yet the style and movement of the book itself in no way leads

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a helping hand to show us how we might understand in this elusive arena of religious life and discourse.

The book fairly embodies the strengths and weaknesses of current religious studies curricula: methodological sophistication which calls for a "way," without the slightest technical competence in reproducing that way for either teacher or student. "The total phenomenon of every nonidolatrous religion includes a myth for man to enter imaginatively, and a disciplined way of life that is the pragmatic definition of the myth but that does not exhaust its indefinite plural significance. The saving event of every religion is thus a complex phenomenon in which ontological insights and moral discipline, the community and the individual, God and man, time and eternity are all imaginatively constituted as elements of each other."

In this book and the colleges and universities across our land these elements are quite unimaginatively placed side by side even when they should happen to be present. Hence this book calls for a revolution while giving testimony to how desperately that revolution is needed. Perhaps the beginning point for those of us who teach with Mr. Stenson is that we ourselves undertake a discipline which will allow our informed and sophisticated selves to lead others along a path so that they may discover for themselves the riches which we are so easily tempted to speak about and exhort another into.

Ferre's proposal for a "universal Word" is not only pre-revolutionary but thoroughly pre-critical. Firmly anchored within the jargon of the latest academic theologizing, Ferre undertakes no less a task than "the redoing of the categories of reality." He wishes to move us beyond the categories of *substance* and even of *process* to develop the New Testament idiom of *spirit* and *love*, along with what he calls "the personal." The result is supposed to "revolutionize the whole framework of thought," even though it is acknowledged that this beginning attempt "will no doubt be rough and partial."

Predictably enough, *spirit, love,* and *the personal* turn out to have all of the attributes which are needed to incorporate traditional as well as contemporary theological postures. And as is the wont of those who speak glibly of 'categories,' there is little suspicion that simply by *speaking of* whatever one wishes to speak of, he has already made it into a *substance*. If one is to introduce a new set of categories, then he must go about constructing a new language. The scientific revolution occurred when the appropriate mathematical tools were discovered and appropriately applied; a revolution in conceptualization will occur and is occurring to the extent that the ordinary English sentence and descriptive paragraph is being replaced by other and multi-media. Any attempt to replace the "category of substance" by inveighing against it in ordinary English sentences is doomed to failure.

And this work is of course a failure. For the so-called categories of *spirit, love* and *the personal* may be displayed

Commonweal this Spring

FOR A LAY-EDITED journal of opinion like *Commonweal* a development such as the "great national turnabout" in integration, the Supreme Court and control of the Federal regulatory agencies is particularly topical. So also American involvement in Laos, the grinding on of the Vietnam war, Arab-Israeli confrontation and the debate with the Vatican on optional clerical celibacy and authority in the Church.

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in the witness of men who live by them, but when discoursed about themselves become substance, attribute or relation. One suspects that a reading of the New Testament will ease one into a familiarity with spirit, love and the personal with less strain and greater credibility than this attempt to "universalize" that Word.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 3)

smugness and holier-than-thou attitude —they are, alas, all too typical of the liberal establishment, which is one reason for its increasing political impotence. But that anyone today should still think of the problems of pollution and related ecological and environmental questions as simply a matter of cleanliness is horrifying in an era when, increasingly, sober scientific experts are openly speculating as to whether the human species has fifty or a hundred years to survive at the present rate of destruction of its only habitat. A recent study commissioned by the California legislature predicted mass deaths from air pollution in the Los Angeles basin by 1975-76. Does Mr. Barthelmes really think that when that happens it will distingish among students in terms of how well integrated their schools are? Another recent study indicates the rate of DDT residues in the human body is several times higher among the poor in the Southwest (agricultural workers most especially, of course) than among the middle class.

If spaceship earth begins to break up we will all risk death, but, as in the case of the Lusitania, the probability is that the rich will by use of force have first call on such lifeboats as may exist.

To obfuscate the real nature of the crisis facing humanity as Mr. Barthelmes does is to strike at the survival of all human beings—black and white, rich and poor, to play the role of traitor to the human race itself.

VICTOR C. FERKISS

For the Record

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I was grateful to *Commonweal* for printing my article on Bishop Parrilla and his prison visiting, especially since his trip received so little publicity [Feb. 13].

But one erroneous word that crept into the text might associate him with entirely the wrong crowd. He is *not,* as was printed, an advocate of "pacification," but rather of "pacifism."

(REV.) WM. J. DAVIS, S.J.

Christian Hope in Flint

London, Ontario

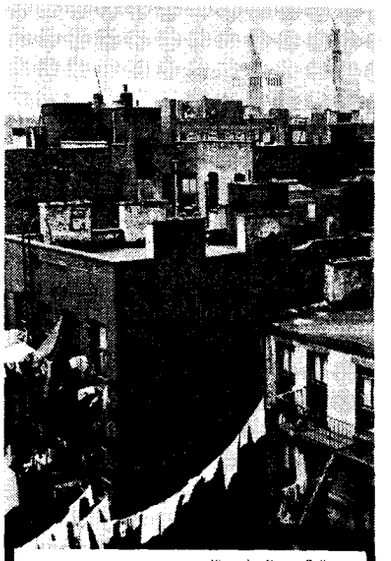
To the Editors: Phil Tracy's "Cold Night in Flint" [Jan. 23] struck me as a most peculiar article to appear in a journal which is currently trying to collect $46,000 from its readers as a Christian voice on world and national affairs.

If Mr. Tracy is as despairing as he makes himself appear, he has forgotten what Christianity is all about. His article is a fascinating self-revelation, but he seems unaware of its prevailing egotism. In his own mind clearly he has suffered more than all the rest of us: "the boy is your child; I don't have enough heart left to father one."

Might I suggest to Mr. Tracy that there are others who have suffered more than he in the last decade who have not given up. Rose and Ethel Kennedy, Coretta King, Robert Kennedy himself come to mind but there are countless others.

If Mr. Tracy no longer shares their Christian hope, he should not write for *Commonweal.* Without hope, *Commonweal* has no message and it should be decently buried. ANN STRAULMAN

Editors' Note: Articles are published in *Commonweal* because we feel they add to a current discussion, for their literary merit, or for any number of other reasons. The editors take responsibility for the over-all quality and direction of the material. We do not expect our contributors, Christian and non-Christian, hopeful or unhopeful, to echo precisely our views.



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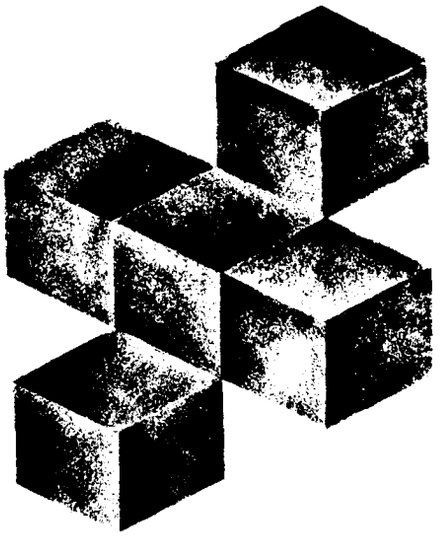

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